THE

Accomplish'd HERO:

OR, THE

CALEDONIAN SONGSTERS.

From the FRENCH of

FRANCIS SALIGNAC de la Motte *FENELON*,

ARCH-BISHOP and DUKE of *CAMBRAY*,

AUTHOR of *TELEMACHUS*.

Quel eſt donc ce Berger, ou ce Dieu inconnu qui vient orner notre Boccage?

FRANC. de SAL. de la Motte FENELON.

LONDON:

Printed for C. CORBETT, at *Addiſon's Head*, oppoſite St. *Dunſtan's* Church in *Fleetſtreet*. MDCCXLVIII.

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ON the green Borders of the Silver *Tweed*,
Whoſe quiv'ring Current parts the flow'ry Mead,
There ſtands a venerable, ſacred Grove,
Which *Pan* delights in, and the Muſes love;
Where, from their Urns, three lovely *Näids* pour
A clear Caſcade, whoſe ruſhing Waters roar;
Spreading with lucid Rills the Vales below,
To make Ten thouſand Flowers ſpring and grow:
Here have the Muſes bath'd, as Poets ſing,
Here trod the Velvet Margent of the Spring;
No boiſt'rous Wind preſumes to preſs theſe Trees,
They only are careſs'd by Zephyr's Breeze.
Here too the Nymphs and Fawns oft' take Delight,
To ſpend in ſportive Dance the jovial Night;
Whilſt

Whilſt *Pan*, with rural Pipe, ſoft Muſick plays,
(Accordant Meaſures to harmonious Lays.)
Nor can the Moon by Night, or Sun by Day,
Pierce thro' the Gloom with his moſt active Ray;
Th' embow'ring Fol'age darkens ſo complete,
So cloſe the interwove Eſpaliers meet,
Silence, and Shade, and Gales refreſhing play
Through this ſequeſter'd Scene both Night and Day:
Hid by the trembling Leaves, ſad *Philomel*
Does in melodious Strains her Sorrows tell,
Pain'd by the Thorn, her Boſom's wont to preſs,
And wails her ancient Woes without Redreſs.

Hard-by the Linnet, with delightful Note,
Pours forth the Muſick of her warbling Throat,
And to the Swains with her ſweet Song does bring
The welcome Tidings of approaching Spring,
That *Philomela*'s ſelf is jealous grown
Of Sounds ſo ſoft, ſo equal to her own.

One Day they ſpy'd a Youth of lovely Mien,
Who never in the Grove 'till then was ſeen;
Tall was his Stature, amiable his Face,
Majeſtick, noble, and of manly Grace:

Him

Him Harmony does for her Patron chuſe,
And every Art, and every gentle Muſe.
Firſt when they view'd him with admiring Eyes,
They took him for *Apollo* in Diſguiſe,
Hiding his radiant and ambroſial Locks,
As when he tended King *Admetus'* Flocks:
He from celeſtial Lineage ſeem'd to ſpring,
A youthful Hero, or at leaſt a King.
The feather'd Choriſters with Rage divine,
Inſpir'd at once by all the tuneful Nine,
With Sounds adapted to immortal Lays,
In Concert thus began to ſing his Praiſe.

Who is this Shepherd-Prince, this God unknown?
Are we not his, and is he not our own?
Whoſe Royal Preſence thus adorns this Place,
Is Heaven-born, and not of mortal Race,
With gentle Courteſy, he wins our Hearts,
Pleas'd with our Songs, and cheriſhes the Arts;
Science he loves, and Poetry's his Care,
And Mercy fills his Soul beyond compare:
The Graces all, and all the Virtues wait,
To render him as Amiable as Great.

Now when the raptur'd Song was warmer grown,
The Nightingale purſu'd the Theme alone.
Guard him, ye Gods! protect him more and more,
Show'r on him Bleſſings, from your endleſs Store,
Give him in every Virtue to increaſe,
A Conqueror to live, and die in Peace.
To flouriſh, thrive, and bloom as he begun,
As the gay Flow'r that opens to the Sun.
May this young Hero every Wiſh compleat,
May his Delights be rational and ſweet!
May his Renown both far and near be ſung,
May all the Graces hang upon his Tongue;
May *Jove*'s chaſte Daughter her rare Gifts impart,
And all *Minerva*'s Wiſdom fill his Heart!
The Linnet here with vocal Ardour vy'd,
Reſum'd the arduous Strain, and thus reply'd:
His Voice with ſuch perſuaſive Sounds inſpire,
As *Orpheus* cou'd not equal with his Lyre;
Wait on him Victory, 'till he exceeds,
In God-like Actions and heroic Deeds.

Great

Great *Hercules*; let him undaunted be
As fierce *Achilles*, and from Wounds as free;
Daring, as *Homer* does of him rehearſe,
But make him not ſo ſavage, or ſo fierce;
But Good and Wiſe, Beneficent and Great,
Indulgent, Merciful, Compaſſionate;
Let Worth and Want in him a Father find,
And let him be the Darling of Mankind;
While the chaſte Muſes plant, without controul,
The Seeds of every Virtue in his Soul.

Again their thrilling Notes the Songſters join,
Where all the Power of Voice and Skill combine.

He loves our Songs, takes Pleaſure in our Art,
Muſick has Charms to win his tender Heart,
It ſooths, it ſoftens, lulls to pleaſing Reſt,
Harmonious Truths ſink deep into his Breaſt.
As the cool Dew refreſhing Solace yields;
To the ſindg'd Herbage of the Sun-burnt Fields;
And, O ye Gods, to whom he ſtands ally'd
In many Virtues, taint him not with Pride:
Grant him a loyal People to poſſeſs;
Crown all his Days with Fortune and Succeſs:
Yield Plenty's Cornucopia to his Hand,
And a new Golden Age to bleſs th' impoveriſh'd Land:

Him

Him Nations ſhall with Acclamations meet,
And Flowers ſpring and grow beneath his Feet.

All Nature, whilſt they ſung, was huſh't as Death;
The Flower-kiſſing Zephyrs held their Breath,
And every Flower in the Grove that grew,
Bluſh'd, bloom'd, or blow'd with variegated Hue:
The three pure Fountains of impetuous Force,
Their ruſhing Waters ſtop'd, and ſtay'd their Courſe;
The Satyrs and the Fawns that ſkip and bound,
Prick'd their ſharp Ears, and liſten'd to the Sound:
Ecchо alone (who can't her Tongue refrain)
Told the ſweet Accents to the Rocks again;
Flocking together, like a Swarm of Bees,
The *Dryads* haſten from their hollow Trees,
To gaze with Admiration and Surprize;
His Praiſe their Ears, his Perſon charms their Eyes;
They view him, and review him, with Amaze,
Their Wonder ſtill increaſing as they gaze,
Th' accompliſh'd Hero to behold ſo young,
Whom *Philomel* and her Companion ſung.

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FINIS.

Him

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